Pretty in Porcelain

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Pretty in Porcelain

by DarklingDarling

Summary

When Hannibal confronts Will over his betrayal, instead of gutting him as he had planned, he does something much, much worse...

All's fair in love and war... until it *isn't.*

Notes

Set in one of the last scenes of the Season 2 finale— spoilers ahead if you haven't yet seen it.

So, if you are like me and have revisited this fandom after rewatching it on Netflix recently (eeek!), welcome to my nasty little alternative for the last scene of the season 2 finale. It's a *doozy—*

Please heed the tags, this is **D.A.R.K**

See the end of the work for more notes

“Abigale…”

Will whispered, his eyes wide, unseeing yet surfeited by the sight of the daughter he had deemed dead.

Her bottom lip trembled, her own eyes large and imploring, begging him to see her, to *understand*.

“I’m sorry.”

She whispered back, a chocked and strangled thing. All Will could do was stare, tainting each precious second memorising her face, a face he could have never have forgotten.

His hand reached out to her, the only part of his body that didn’t seem to shake, fingers searching like the sun through the trees, begging to touch her, to feel her alive and real beneath his skin. He didn’t get the chance.

Hannibal, like a son to the shadows, stepped out from the darkness, steady hands grasping Abigale’s delicate neck and pulling her to his large frame. Will went to take his own desperate hold on their adopted daughter, only to stop when Hannibal pushed a knife to her pale flesh, pressing it just enough to release a trickle of blood.

The message was clear; *take her now and you will be clutching at a corpse.*

“You were supposed to *leave*.”

Will’s broken whisper tumbled into the darkness, Hannibal’s answering narrowed gaze wringing a pitiful sob from the agent.

“We couldn’t leave without you.”

Hannibal whispered back.

Then, a mangled and disfigured cry echoed around the room, touching everything in its wake.

It was the banshee call, the final song from a broken father as his daughter’s throat was slit in front of him in a savage finality.

Hannibal let Abigale’s body down gently, brushing a stray hair from her fluttering eyes as the floor around them spilled red.

Will collapsed, his legs giving out from under him, crashing his crumpling body to the scarlet floor.

Time did *not* stand still, *no* second, *no* minute, *no* hour decided to drag... It was done. Without a hint of consideration for the man crying so uselessly on the floor in a growing puddle of the girl’s lifeblood, Abigale drew her final breath. It was done.

Hannibal, was *not*. His hands, sticky with the essence of another's death, grasped at Will's neck, a firm caress across his trembling flesh. He pushed Will's face down, his cheek resting in blood. It smelled sweet.

"Time *did* reverse."

Hannibal whispered, his body spilling onto Will's, hard muscles and warm flesh moulding over the weeping man beneath him.

"The teacup that I shattered dared to come together."

Hannibal's face nuzzled into the curve of Will's neck, breathing in the scent of him, savouring the taste of him on his lips. His Will, so sweet… so *bitter*.

"A place was made for Abigale in your world. Do you understand?"

Will shook his head jerkily as his sobs turned into pitiful whimpers. Hannibal inhaled again, closing his eyes briefly as the smell of rust and sandalwood tickled past his throat.

"That place was made for all of us. *Together*."

Will's body tensed suddenly when he felt a hand come between their two forms, now pressed so suffocatingly together.

Hannibal's strong fingers grasped the back of Will's jeans, roughly yanking the fabric down across the curve of his ass.

"I wanted to surprise you."

Will began to struggle, his body rebelling against the attack, his soft and grief-stricken cries turning into something desperate and wild. Hannibal let him struggle, let Will make a mess of himself in their daughters cooling blood.

"And *you*… you wanted to surprise me."

Will's pants were stripped, his shirt ripped so neatly down his back, exposing the flesh, exposing the writhing skin Hannibal had so longed to see.

Will's fingers grasped uselessly at the floor, trying to pull himself away, his efforts almost seemingly successful… for the moment. That was Hannibal's design.

"You have to take responsibility for this, Will. You must understand the role you played today. You killed her, Will, you ended her life just as surely as the knife that sliced through her flesh. Our child is *dead*."

Will's breath came in short gasps, his eyes wide, so wide. No matter the desperate struggles of the fallen man, there was no escape. Will felt it then, felt the bulbous head of Hannibal's cock nudging at his clenched cheeks. Hannibal's fingers moved almost softly, almost demurely, prying Will apart, parting his cheeks to find the hidden part he craved.

Will let out a dying cry, a struggling and wounded breath as he felt something warm trickle down his crack, the sticky substance pooling at his entrance. *Abigail's blood*.

"Our child is dead… and so, we must make another."

A scream, if that's what you could call the tangled and desperate sound that seemed to vibrate around the room. It ripped past Will's throat as Hannibal ripped past his opening, the bruising cock punching so viciously inside of him as Hannibal grunted into his ear.

A chorus of screams and grunts, like music, a woven song so pretty and so frightening in its creation. Hannibal thrust into Will's struggling body, nuzzling into the man's throat, sending gentle kisses down his nape that contrasted so strangely with each savage thrust.

"I have changed you, Will, as you have changed me."

Hannibal crooned between each soft kiss, his hips snapping viciously against Will, the man's endless struggle giving way to silent deterioration.

All Will could do was lie there, feeling the large member push inside him so ruthlessly, so cruelly. Hannibal's breaths were quickening, fingers running along Will's desolate body, cupping and pinching, delighting in each soft curve, each foreboding muscle.

"So beautiful."

Hannibal groaned, his fevered thrusts becoming disjointed and lost, the punishing rhythm losing its beat. Will shivered underneath him, his stillness giving way to each painful jolt, the cock tearing inside of him shoving his body forward with each turn.

"I let you see me… now let me see you. Cry for me, Will."

And just as he commanded, Will did. Hannibal slammed into him one last time, burying himself deep and hard, spilling his seed and marking his unwilling lover. Will cried.

"I forgive you, Will."

Soft fingers, once so firm and harsh, wiped away each newly fallen tear, gentle lips making their way down trembling skin. Worshipping, loving. This was a flesh that Hannibal consumed in a new way. Unique. His Will… so *special*.

Hannibal heard the detached moan spill from Will's pale lips as he finally pulled himself from him, leaving a trail of pink-tinged semen in his wake.

This was his design.

He turned Will around, a flutter of irritation pulsing in his temples when he saw the glazed look in the man's eyes.

Hannibal's fingers found his face, cupping the stubble covered cheek gently, trying to coax a response, a sign. Nothing.

He sighed, covering his body over his beloved, entwining them together as he rested them cheek to cheek.

“Det var meningen, vi skulle være sammen.”

End Notes

Ahhh, well, I did warn you it was dark! 🙈

Let me know what you think, I kinda love the idea of obsessed Hannibal.

All comments are adored and appreciated, I reply to them all xXx

My other Hannigram's:
Defective

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!